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FEATURING

John Holmes



EDITORIAL

Just the other day we were offered a position as editor for a rather prestigious publisher. For umpteen dollars per week we would sit behind a desk, reading manuscripts submitted for possible publication, supervising an editorial staff and approving layouts. Occasionally we would be lunching with writers to discuss their future efforts. The pay offered was good and the hours not bad. And there were fringe benefits, such as retirement and medical coverage, regular vacations, our name featured in the magazine.

We turned it down without lengthy consideration, despite the increased income it would have brought, because it would have ended the free life of a writer and film critic. No more sleeping until noon and spending the wee hours in the company of other writers and the subjects we write about. No more the freedom to go where we please, when we please, and come back if we please. And no more, most important of all, writing about fuck films and their stars. The publication was a straight one and we would have had to give up the erotic life. It just wasn't worth it.

The life of a sex film/sex story writer is the best life we know of. It keeps our cock hard and our wallet at least reasonably healthy. Most of all, it is the most exciting life a man can lead that we know of — and that risks only his balls, rather than his life. ●



FEATURE FILM

FILM #186 — SWINGTIME



When a critic reviews one of Hollywood's efforts, and we've done that many times in the past, an important consideration is whether or not the material is dated. Dialogue, action and basic premise must be suited to the audience the film is designed for. Westerns, for example, are out of date when they depict the cavalry riding to the rescue of the wagon train just in time to beat off the Indians who have it surrounded. Such historical inaccuracies are no longer tolerated by theatergoers — except

in comedy westerns spoofing the genre.

The same rules apply to fuck films. The public will no longer buy the man in black socks and mask bounding through the doorway and into the heroine's cunt. They bought it in the past because it was the only product on the market. There just wasn't anything else.

Modern sex films range from short subjects to full-scale productions with large casts and intricate plots, and many are shown in established theaters, advertised in the newspapers and reviewed by "name"





critics. *Deep Throat* is the classic example, and there have been many others. If you want intricate plotting, expensive production values and heavy motivation for the explicit sex, these are the films for you.

We deal principally with what would be termed in mainstream filmmaking, "short subjects." Motion pictures in which the main theme is the action and all else is subordinate to it. This means that the fucking, sucking and other sex acts must occupy most







of the film's time span and that the performers must be, above all, experts in sexual performance. *Swingtime* fills those requirements precisely.

Star of the film, as he has been for most of the best offerings in the genre, is Big John Holmes, possessor of the biggest cock currently appearing before the cameras. We've heard of a rival in the offing, but have yet to see evidence of his qualification. Merely rumors to the effect that there's a new actor on the scene who will soon be appearing before the cameras, and





who owns a weapon that even Big John would envy. But there are always rumors of this sort going around and until we see hard evidence of this rival's superiority we will continue to accept Big John as the mightiest fucker of them all. John has the sort of cock that makes ordinary men weep with envy and he can keep it hard and working longer than any other man we know.

What's the use of a huge dick if it's limp most of the time?

Costarring with Big John Holmes is the current runner-up for big cock honors, Johnny Keyes. Johnny has the advantage of being black, which is a turnon for many viewers, particularly those of the female variety. For reasons we will not go into in this review the ladies seem to get a special

charge out of watching a black stud plough a white broad. The gents enjoy the reverse, so fair is fair. What Johnny lacks in length (not girth) he makes up for with color. He's a popular actor in fuck films and is likely to remain so as long as he can keep his cock hard. Unless he gains weight. Old fuckers, like old athletes, have a tendency to put on fat in their later







years. But both Johnny and Big John are still a long way from that condition.

The lady of the film, alas, has not been given a name and star billing. This is a condition that should be rectified in the future. The big money and the fame has gone almost exclusively to male performers in fuck films and the women have been largely ignored. Granted, they

can still be fucked even if they aren't hot, whereas the men must demonstrate hardons, but still they must demonstrate certain basic skills before the cameras, and those skills are worthy of star billing.

Consider the unknown actress in *Swingtime*. She's physically lovely, sufficiently so to have at least the chance of a career in Hollywood. Her body is

better than that of most film stars and her face is definitely first class. Her acting ability, what little is necessary in a film where she is basically a receptacle for two cocks in every opening she has available, appears above reproach. She appears to enjoy her work, which is more than many fuck film starlets project. The expression of contentment on her face when she's sucking Big John's

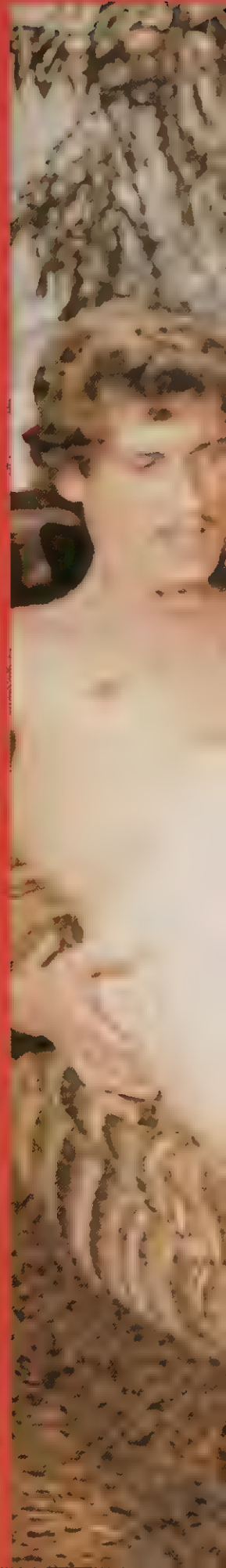
cock while Johnny Keyes gives it to her up the ass, if not absolutely genuine, is real enough to demonstrate that she can get into character with the best of them. Getting fucked in the ass by a cock as big as Johnny's is enough to make most women squeal in anguish, rather than demonstrate rapture. Yes, we know that there are many women who enjoy ass-



fucking above all other pastimes, but we've spoken to several of them and they all assured us that they prefer, for that act, men with small and skinny cocks. Maybe the lady's an exception to that rule and maybe she isn't, but she certainly seemed pleased with what the two men were doing to her.

As for her straight cocksucking, she appeared to be in hog heaven with two such great cocks available to her, but here, too, she should be credited with acting ability. It is true that most modern young women suck cock regularly. This act is no longer generally condemned as an "unnatural perversion" never performed by "decent" women. The average gal and the average guy get down to eating pussy and sucking cock early in their relationship, and generally continue it as a regular course on their sexual menu. Among hookers, cocksucking is the preferred act for strictly economic reasons and will probably continue so. A whore can suck off more men than she can fuck in a given length of time, and time is money to her.

But to an actress in a fuck film, cocksucking may be a more difficult feat than just getting fucked. The mouth has less endurance than the cunt (ask any guy how long he can eat pussy as compared with how long he can fuck). And when the lady is engaged with two of the mightiest cocks in the land, either of which can stretch her pretty lips all out of







proportion, and sucking at them before the cameras, acting ability becomes important. In straight fucking scenes, or even in ass fucking, the actress is relatively passive and the men do all the work. But in cocksucking she is the active partner and should receive some of the screen credits. Anyhow, we'd like to see some of the women working in fuck films elevated to star status



and we'd like to see this begin with the lady in *Swingtime*. She's certainly worthy of the two gentlemen with whom she cavorts.

As to the film itself, we were disappointed with the production values. We realize that much of the budget must go to pay Big John and Johnny Keyes; these gentlemen do not work for minimum and when both of them are appearing in the same film bud-

gets must be cut elsewhere. But the set and scenery were at best mundane. A simple room with cheap furniture is not the best setting in which to display the talents of performers of such stature. Please, mister producer, next time spend a little bit more on sets and such.

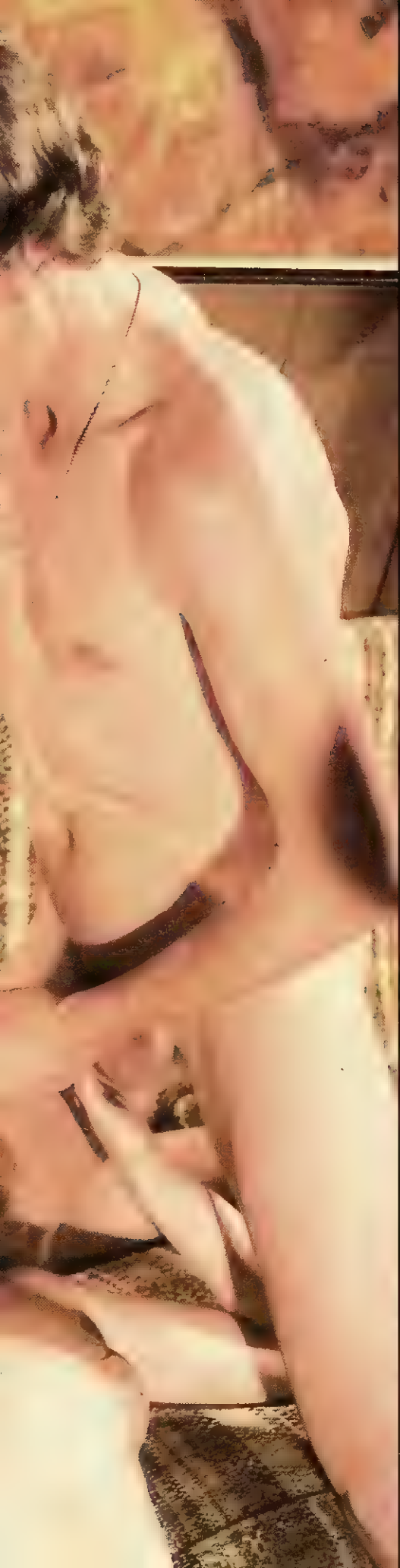
Now to the good parts. Of action there is plenty in *Swingtime*, and it's the type of action we love to see. The















cocksucking is spectacular and, as we said, the lady performs splendidly, taking in those big cocks one at a time and then both together with a lasciviousness we surely enjoyed. She licked and slurped and sucked as though she would die without those cocks in her mouth. We got one of our biggest hardons in our history just watching the lady eat cock as though it was going out of style, or would be forbidden next week.

One would have thought that her life depended on her cramming as much male meat into her mouth as possible. Naturally, when coping with cocks as meaty as these, she could only absorb a small part of them between her sweet lips, but what she did with that part was more than enough. Her tongue action will leave you quivering. Her lips enclose those members like an oral cunt. Her head bobs slowly up and down on their shafts so earnestly and with such obvious enjoyment that you're likely to cum right there in the theater, in your pants, while watching her perform. The gal is a cocksucker in a thousand, and we've known more than a few.

The fucking in *Swingtime* was expert but uninspired. These lads have fucked women by the thousands, on camera and off, and perhaps they're beginning to get a bit bored with their work. (Can a man ever get bored with fucking lovely women?) Maybe they were tired from a hard workout the previous night. Maybe the director insisted on too



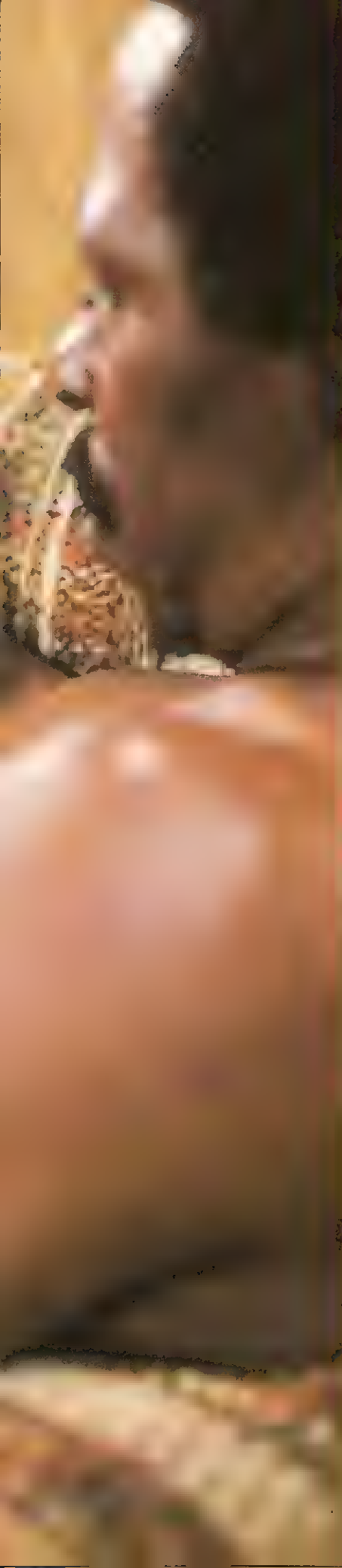


many rehearsals and they were past their peak for the day. Maybe the lights were too hot for that confined studio (see previous comments on poor production values). Maybe who knows? In any event, the elan and ardency we usually expect from Big John and Johnny Keyes were lacking in the fuck scenes. There was certainly enough enthusiasm from them when they were getting sucked, or when Johnny was shoving that big dick of his up the lady's rear entrance, but not in the fuck scenes. These were almost mechanical and only a moderate turnon. If the lady we were attending the showing with hadn't had her hand in our pants we might not even have gotten a hardon during those scenes. (Motto: Whenever attending a fuck film, bring a gal along for added stimulation and enjoyment.)

However, and that "however" is as big as Big John's cock when fully extended, the sucking and ass fucking more than made up for any deficiencies in the fucking department.

The suck scenes, as we have previously mentioned, were all demonstrations of the lady's talents. All the men had to do was lay there or stand there and take it. The blow jobs she delivered would have revived a corpse. (They also inspired the lady who accompanied us to a supreme after theater effort.) And, as cocksucking seems to be the big thing with audiences these days, the film should get four stars on this alone.





Johnny Keyes's demonstration of ass fucking, also mentioned earlier in this review, was absolutely stunning. His big cock slides into the lady's back passage as slick as silk, and the way she writhes and twists after he has her impaled is acting worthy of an Oscar in straight film genre. When he sank it in balls deep he must have been battering at her tonsils, his cock is so big. Yet the gal had enough professionalism

to continue sucking away at Big John's cock as though it was the most important thing in the world to her.

Last, and very far from least, was the cuntlicking. The men in this film have such huge reputations as fuckers that most people tend to ignore their cuntlicking skills, which are on the exceptional side. The talent required for effective cuntlicking is not as easily demonstrated as other sex film skills, and

largely overlooked in the excitement the act generates. The gal with us, who was holding tight to our cock when Big John first lowered his face into the lady's snatch, nearly squeezed it off in her excitement. She could probably be heard panting outside the theater, demonstrating that, for women, this is usually the greatest turnon of all. Yes, it's the man with the long and active tongue, rather than the man with the big cock,



who holds a lady's affection longest. You can be just an ordinary fucker and the gals will still adore you — if you can keep your tongue working on their clits longer than other men. The man who exhibits style

and endurance at pussy nibbling will go a long way in feminine society.

Which brings us to another commentary on fuck films in general and *Swingtime* as representative of the genre. Women are watching

fuck films more and more. What used to be exclusively a male pastime has now become fare for both sexes and the number of women regularly attending fuck films is still on the increase. What we





have not been seeing is films aimed at this segment of the audience. Current fuck films are aimed at stimulating men, not women, and the cuntlicking scenes are often merely a gratuitous addition thrown in to allow the men's cocks to recover from the last bit of fucking or cocksucking. For the sake of the ladies, we'd like to see an occasional film where the emphasis is on cunts and the many ways to entertain them. Maybe even a "how to" film, in







which gentlemen like Big John or Johnny Keyes demonstrate ways not to entertain themselves, but to turn on the ladies. *Sixteen Ways to Eat Pussy* might be an appropriate title, or *Turning on Her Twat*. Such a film would not only make better fuckers out of a portion of the male population, an act highly commendable from the female viewpoint, but it

would also attract more women to the genre. We discussed this in detail with our date for the film showing and she was most enthusiastic, insisting on a graphic demonstration of the various acts that might be included. She also demonstrated that women so stimulated are often more than willing to reciprocate in kind.

Back to Swingtime.







Any sex film starring both Big John Holmes and Johnny Keyes is better than almost any film without them. They are the big stars and rightly so. They've earned their place in the genre and will likely keep it for many years to come. But as we said, we'd like to see more emphasis on the female performers. We'd like to see their parts built up and the best of them elevated to star status. Not only would this expand the appeal of fuck films, it would also go far toward satisfying this critic●●●









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